



THE FARMERS TALK TO FARMERS

WHO ARE THE PROFITEERS?

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

The very remarkable gentlemen at Washington, D. C., who are supposed to navigate the ship of state are now in another funk. The president, after spending six months or more out of the country trying to manage the affairs of other nations, has returned, at last, to find that the country he is paid his salary to watch over is headed straight for the dogs—has, in fact, got amongst them already.

The congress which he refused to call into session last spring and which, when the belated call finally came, set itself to jawing and jangling over the same foreign muddle, instead of promptly taking up the threatening domestic situation—the congress is now appealed to by the president to forego its hot-weather vacation and stay in sweltering Washington to see if it can't devise some sort of shelter against the coming thunder storm. That storm is now ninth high and about the blackest looking portent which has darkened our sky for a generation. Thousands of us common people saw it when it began rising on the horizon. Thousands of us then recognized its ominous appearance. Chosen, picked, delegated "statesmen" with no better eyes and no wiser brains than the rest of us might have seen it at the same time and, if they were really statesmen, might have at least begun consideration of measures looking to national protection against its threat.

But, no; the president was in Europe, too busy with safeguarding Poland and Czechoslovakia and nursing his infant league of nations, to see or hear anything of his own country's needs, and congress, when it met, was too engrossed with either praise or criticism of that brat to give a moment's thought to its own proper duties.

Now the president has suddenly discovered that there's Hades to pay and no pitch hot. And congress is boiling with rage because he urgently demands it to stand by and save the country with the same sort of belated August umbrella which should have been raised last winter, certainly last March.

It's enough to make common hay-seeds like us wonder if our supposed servants in the government at Washington are worth the rather high wages we pay them.

Of course, it's "profiteering" and the old "high cost of living" which are at last seen to be riding the whirlwind and directing the storm. The eleventh hour has struck, and even the executive and legislative Solomons and Solons have finally discovered that something has got to be done.

What will that something be?

It is evident that the president doesn't know, for he appeals to congress to "take steps." It is quite as evident that congress doesn't know any better than any other sewing society.

I'm humbly ready to admit that I don't know. And I'll bet a good cookie against a "gathered egg" that you don't know, either.

We farmers, when we're haying and see a black thunderhead looming over the horizon, don't wait till it has covered the sun and begun to spatter big drops before we take up our hay. We get on a hustle the minute we see the cloud bulging up. Our very existence depends upon our ability to see the self-evident and foresee something of the probable and upon our capacity to "take steps" while the going is yet good. Somebody once said that a stitch in time saves nine. Whoever he was, he never could have been elected president or congressman. Some one else once intimated that when the blind were accepted as leaders, their followers were apt to find themselves in the ditch. But it is doubtful if he could have been elected town constable in Hardwick.

In a recent statement President Lee of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen said:

"I will admit to you gentlemen that we are going the wrong way. I admit to you that it is time to call a halt; and I admit to you that until we get together, until we commence together to stop this, there will be hell in this country—and it is nearer today than I ever knew it to my years of experience. Just let somebody drop a match in this country of ours and it will be a sorry day for all of us."

"Unless my vision is most terribly obscured, then, there is something coming to us pretty soon in this country that we had better take notice of. We had something of peace in this country prior to the war conditions. We were getting along fairly well un-

til profiteering became so noticeable everywhere, and until the commodities that working people are compelled to pay for were permitted to be increased, doubled, and tripled without any question and often seemingly with the approval of the government.

"We are nearer war in this world today, I believe, than when the Kaiser threw down the gauntlet. Our lawmakers are to blame, in my opinion, because the masses of the people would be behind them if they would attempt to correct it, and surely there is power to correct it, but instead they are playing politics, as some of these labor organizations are playing politics, and it is the same all down the line."

Perhaps you've read this before. Even if you have, read it again, and then stop reading and set your think machinery at work.

Is Mr. Lee right as he puts it? Is he mainly right, with some reservations? Is he right only in spots? Or is he all wrong?

In quoting him I don't want to be understood as indorsing all he says, nor as denying anything he says. I simply want to stir you, if possible, into some serious thought upon a mighty serious situation.

Naturally, Mr. Lee throws the chief blame on the "profiteers." Some of the bigger newspapers—those who delight to call themselves "metropolitan"—are already countering with assertions that it is the farmers, more especially, who have brought on the storm by their greed. Still others intimate that it is the labor unions, with their endless strikes and demands for more pay.

On a certain historic occasion, when the eating of a forbidden apple was under investigation, the man blamed it on the woman, and the woman blamed it on the serpent, and the serpent blamed it on the devil. The man was already under sentence, nothing more could be done except to lay on the whole world to his last generation the burdens of great evil.

It's always the recourse of guilt to shift its responsibility if it can. No man ever felt the halter draw without blaming either the hangman or the judge or the jury or the witnesses or the sheriff or anybody but himself.

"He made me do it," whispers the schoolboy who gets the blame for a mischief. "He tempted me or led me to it," charges the man arraigned for trial. It's always some outside "he" that is at fault—never "I."

Thus the wage-earner who finds his wages insufficient to buy the supplies he wants blames it on the storekeeper. And the storekeeper blames it on the wholesaler. And the wholesaler blames it on the producer. And the producer blames it on the wage-earner, whose demands for more pay compel him to charge higher prices.

There you have the vicious circle. As each man feels the club fall on his shoulders he whacks the next man with his own shillelagh, till the pounding has gone the entire round. Whereupon some one in the circle gets mad and threatens to draw his knickerbocker and cut out the livers of the whole bunch if they don't stop pounding him. Meanwhile he is to be blamed for his own club doing according to his own pleasure.

As a farmer myself, I am naturally somewhat incensed over the attempt of the fellow farther down the line to pass back the blame to me. He says food unconsciously high and, since farmers produce the food, it must be they who are responsible.

Well, milk is a food. The farmer who sends it to New York city gets about six cents a quart for it. And the peddler who totes it round the city gets a good deal more.

city gets eighteen cents for that same quart. Who's the "profiteer?"

A good many people eat blueberries when the season gets open. This happens to be blueberry year on the mountains which overhang my valley. Never were they so plenty or so fine. The pickers who gather them and send them to the city get seventeen cents a quart for them. Private letters from New York city and Brooklyn report that the hucksters are selling them in those places for forty and fifty cents a quart. Who's the "profiteer?"

Prigates are a food. And they're precious costly, too. Poultrymen here are getting sixty cents a dozen where, four years ago, just as good eggs were sold for twenty-five cents. At the same time they're paying \$1.50 a hundred for feed which, four years ago, was plentiful at \$1.10. The price of their product has gone up a little over double. The cost of their supplies has gone up over four times. Who's the "profiteer?"

They're offering me \$1.50 a hundred for plump fresh roasting ears of green corn to send to the city. That's eighteen cents a dozen. And three days ago I saw in a city twenty-five miles away small, shriveled, half-filled, wilted ears offered at retail for forty-five cents a dozen. Who's the "profiteer?"

Mind you, I am not in this citing of instances trying to make out that all farmers are saints and all others are sinners. Far from it. I simply want to voice my opinion that we aren't the only sinners in the bunch and shouldn't be held solely responsible for the world's ills, as those "metropolitan" newspapers are trying to make out. I am perfectly willing to admit that there are sinners in the bunch—just as readily as I am to admit that there are some perfectly honest and fair men standing behind retailers' counters.

Probably there are none of us who are any better than we ought to be—very few who are as good as we might be. Farmers, peddlers, retailers, wholesalers, railroad men at bulk, hired men, lawyers, doctors and so on, we're all tarred, more or less, with the same stick.

But the farmer boasts of his personal goodness to the Lord, he didn't get a pat on the back. But when the publican prayed, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner," he won at least a good word from the highest authority in the universe.

Instead of pounding somebody else over the head, there isn't one of us who might not more wisely and more effectively devote himself to a little private and personal goodness. Let's try it. Just as readily as I am to admit that there are some perfectly honest and fair men standing behind retailers' counters.

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THE FARMER
HUMOR OF THE DAY
"Has our client a good case?"
"Good for several thousand dollars," said the Transcript.
"Flubdub—How are the life preservers on this boat?"
"Guzzled—Fine. I've just had three, as good as ever I drank—Topoka Journal."
"Been out to visit the Browns at their summer cottage yet?"
"No. They went out there for a reason and we decided to let them have it."—Detroit Free Press.
"She just kissed that tall girl 15 times."
"Shows she must love her, eh?"
"Shows she must hate her, I think."—Louisville Courier-Journal.
"Matbush—The editor of this country paper says 'the sound of the hammer is again heard in the land.' Bensonhurst—Sounds as if his wife had returned home.—Yonkers Statesman."

Algy (weakly)—I fear I shall starve to death, old dear!
Reggie—Gracious! Stomach trouble?
Algy—No; labor!—Buffalo Express.
"The authorities must have found out by telegraph the opinion of the public about the government ownership of telephones and telegraphs."
"Yes; by return wire."—Minneapolis Tribune.
"What do you consider the most difficult feat in the world?"
"Well, there may be things harder than proving to your wife that she is extravagant, but I don't know what they are."—London Answers.
"Pretty Girl (to soldier just discharged from hospital)—And how did you feel when the bullet went through your arm?"
"Well, I felt distinctly bored, don't you know?"—London Tit-Bits.
"She has such an interested face, she looks like a woman who has lived and suffered."
"I fancy she has. For years she has managed to squeeze her feet into a number two shoe.—Life."
"Guess I'll go into the parlor."
"No fun in there, only sis with her beau. What you want to go in there for?"
"I won't be long. He'll pay me a quarter to get out."—Kansas City Journal.

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Wash the affected surface with household ammonia or warm salt water; then apply—
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Transform that slacker space into cheerful, comfortable rooms with Beaver Board—it's quickly done without disturbing the rest of the house.
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Girls! Make beauty lotion for a few cents—Try It!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quart of the best freckle and tan lotion and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes. 'Tis it! It is harmless and never irritates.

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5 Big Rolls Toilet Paper
25 cents

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Fill Me Powder Puff
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The only Puff that can be filled with your own special powder; can be washed and refilled.

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THE HIGHEST IDEAL

Suggested by reading the late Sam Walter Foss' poem entitled, "The House by the Side of the Road."

Should we live, as you say, by the side of the road,
And be but a friend to man,
We hardly should follow the worst of the line
Or live by the noblest plan,
For to tread in the paths of the sweetest of lives
That ever this old world trod,
We rather should choose, than the plaudits of man,
To merit the plaudits of God!

And to live by the side of the road alone,
And be but a friend to man,
Is too dull and slow in this work-a-day world
To honor the loftiest plan,
For oftentimes the one who would do the most good
And bless and brighten the race,
Receives but the hatred and scorn of the world,
Not honor or treasure or place!

My friend, the history and lives of the past,
From Jesus to humble John Brown,
Will show when the world takes a higher plan,
Some martyr has laid his life down;
It has taken the toll, the sweat and the blood,
That the best of our kind may give
To lift from the mire this stubborn race,
That the Christ-life within may live!

The picture you paint is too easy by far
To show forth the noblest in men,
'Tis a struggle and battle and sacrifice, too,
Not to "smile" at the door of your "den";
Truth's suffering army of brave pioneers,
Have marched down the steps of the past,
They have conquered disease and cannibal lust,
Discovered new lands so vast,
But they had more to do in the ages' swirl
Than to live at their ease and plan
How the days should go by in "the house by the road,"
While being "a friend to man."

—Douglas Dobbins

pleasure over the anticipated visit to this country of Cardinal Mercier, the spiritual director of the international Catholic anti-alcoholic league, at the time of the international convention; appreciation of the blessing of the Pope and pleasure at the abolishment of the saloon.

Officers were re-elected as follows: President, Rev. John G. Beane, S. T. L., Pittsburgh, Pa.; first vice president, Rev. Dennis J. Kane, Moscow, Pa.; second vice president, James E. Dougherty, Haverford, Pa.; third vice president, Mrs. Thomas J. Hackett, of New York; treasurer, Rev. Maurice J. O'Connor, Boston, Mass.; general secretary, Thomas E. McCloskey, Danbury, Conn.; president priests' union, Very Rev. M. A. Lambing, Scotlandale, Pa.

General secretary, Thomas E. McCloskey, reported a total of 585 local societies with a membership of over 34,000. Rev. Maurice J. O'Connor, treasurer, gave a financial report of the union since August, 1917. The balance then was \$677.51. Today it was \$1,407.92.

Ansonia.—Mr. and Mrs. Alton Farwell of Ansonia are at the Hotel Aspinwall in Lenox, Mass.

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